What if: Part Two

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What if: Part Two

by the_link_dock

Summary

same as last time, dark/depressing thoughts and thoughts about self-harm as well as mentions of self-harm. There's no explicit self-harm scenes like the first one but it talks about how Will wants to and what he WOULD do, so if that's triggering, please don't read.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Dr. Lecter's house was...not really a house.

Will would say it was more like a "small" mansion.

It seemed untouchable and regal, much like the good doctor himself was.

Will sat outside of the estate in his car, contemplating turning along and telling Dr. Lecter that he'd gotten sick or some bullshit like that.

Will's arms stung from where he'd cut yesterday. He didn't do any today because he was worried that it would bleed through.

It never had before, other than the time he cut to deep, but Will knew if there was a time his cuts would bleed through his shirt, it would be during a dinner with his psychiatrist.

Will turned his car off with a sigh, dreading the dinner with every five of his being and wishing he had declined.

He'd much rather being wallowing in self pity, drunk and alone in his house with his dogs.

Instead, he got out of his car and locked the doors.

He walked slowly to the front porch and stood in front of the large wooden door.

The knob was shiny and golden, but not an obnoxiously bright one.

Will swallowed thickly as he rang the doorbell.

He looked down at himself to make sure he looking presentable.

He'd had nearly four panic attacks while deciding what to where to this dinner.

Was it meant to be professional? Should he wear what he'd wear to work?

Was it casual, should he wear jeans?

Was it formal? Should he dress fancier than for work?

What if he was over dressed? What if he was underdressed? What if what he wore didn't match? What if they were dirty?

What if he smelled?

Will took two showers before the dinner.

He wore dark blue jeans that were nice, but made more casual with his flannel button up. He added a brown blazer so if it *was* formal, he'd keep it on, and if it was casual, he could take it off.

He stared at the door and debated leaving.

Has it been long enough to ring the doorbell again? Should he knock? Should he text?

Dr. Lecter had given Will his personal phone number to text Will his address.

Will swallowed and tried not to overthink it.

He resolved to count to sixty and if Dr. Lecter didn't answer, Will would ring again. If there was so no answer, he would knock.

And by then if Dr. Lecter didn't answer, Will would take the hour drive home in resignation and pretend like the whole thing never happened.

Fuck.

He forgot to count.

Will checked his watch.

6:06.

Oh, fuck, now he was late even though he'd arrived early. What if Dr. Letter thought Will has stood him up?

Will rang the doorbell again and focused on counting.

Thank god, by the time he reached fifteen, the door opened to reveal Dr. Lecter in a white button-up shirt and dark slacks and a hand towel over his shoulder.

Will looked at Dr. Lecter's shoulder and wished he'd put his glasses on before he rang the doorbell.

"Hello, Will." Hannibal spoke, jerking Will back into the present.

"I got here early," Will blurted, instead of saying hello back like a *normal fucking person.*

Will grew uncomfortably warm and could *feel* Dr. Lecter's amusement.

"Oh?" The good doctor asked, opening the door wide as a silent invitation for Will t to o come in.

Will hesitated but quickly ducked inside and tried to avoid contact with Dr. Lecter.

"I rang the doorbell. Twice. You answered the second one."

Will hated himself for continuing to talk and plastered an awkward smile on his face as if it would help, even though he had no intention of looking at Dr. Lecter by this point.

Will felt like an idiot, blathering on about how he'd gotten there *early*. He wanted to claw his sides with his finger nails to balance his embarrassing stupidity.

Instead, he looked around the foyer, because Dr. Lecter had a fucking foyer.

“You have a nice house—home, Dr. Lecter.”

Oh my god, shut up, he pleaded to himself.

“Please, Will. Call me Hannibal. This is hardly a professional setting.”

Hannibal had walked around Will and into a wide hallway, with Will trailing after him like a stupid puppy.

Fuck, why was he so stupid!?

Hannibal led him to the dining room. “Why don’t you wait here while I bring out dinner?”

Hannibal pulled out the chair directly to the left of the head seat of the table.

Will nodded, even though Hannibal had turned around and once Will knew the doctor was out of the room, he put his head in his hands.

Stupid, stupid, stupid! Why was he acting like a goddamn idiot!? Just get through dinner, go home, and pretend like it never fucking happened.

Will put his hands down by his sides and gripped his seat like a child.

He looked around the dining room as a way to occupy himself.

The wall in front of him had a mural of trees that Will found surprising. He expected old wallpaper, not trees covered by shelves of plants.

He glanced to his side and saw a large double door/window.

Was this place even real? It’s like it was out of an old movie.

He heard a noise behind him and Hannibal came into view holding two dishes.

Will mentally cursed himself for not offering to help, but felt like it was too late not so his fingers squeezed his chair uncomfortably.

Hannibal set the dishes out and said their name, but Will couldn’t concentrate on the doctor’s words.

Why hadn’t he offered to help? He sat in here like a useless idiot when he could’ve been productive and a good guest. Now he wasn’t even listening to what Hannibal was saying, what kind of useless—

“Will?”

Will startled at his name and meant to glance up at the doctor but when their eyes met he couldn’t look away.

“Sorry, what? I’m sorry,” Will rushed out.

Why did you apologise twice, moron!?

One of Hannibal’s eyebrows twitched upwards, “I was asking if you’d like some wine.”

Will felt relief flood him, “Yes. Please.”

Will read multiple articles on proper dining in preparation for this dinner. (He had a lot of free time.)

Will waiting until Hannibal began his meal and practical mirrored the doctor’s movements.

“Was the drive terrible?” Hannibal asked, before taking a bit of whatever dish he’d prepared.

Will’s eyes darted to the doctor’s chin before glancing down again, “Oh, um, no. It’s about the same time it takes to get to Quantico, and I like the time alone.”

Who says that!?

Hannibal gave a noise of acknowledgment.

Will swallowed thickly, “What about you? It’s a long drive from here to the FBI.”

Will shoved a forkful off food in his mouth so he wouldn’t say something stupid.

Hannibal’s eyes lit up, “I find I also enjoy the quiet drive. Plenty of time to think. And, I don’t mind driving for something I,” he paused, “enjoy.”

Will’s lips twitched upwards and he gave a light laugh, “Not many enjoy the FBI.”

Hannibal’s lips stretched into a smile as well, but Will felt like it was about something he’d missed.

He coughed as a way to cover up his laugh and looked down again, grabbing his wine and talking a large drink.

“Have you been sleeping well?” Hannibal asked.

Will gripped the stem of his glass. “Are we doing therapy now?”

He made sure his voice wasn’t angry or defensive.

Hannibal shook his head, but for once the doctor kept his eyes down on his plate. “Not at all, merely curious about a friend’s health.”

Friend?

Will flushed and shifted in his seat, “Oh. Yeah, I guess. Have you?”

Will's tone was much less confident and he wanted to hit himself for acting like such a freak.

"Yes, thank you."

Their dinner progressed in awkward silence.

Will wanted to make conversation but didn't know what to say.

He didn't want to talk about work. He didn't know much about Hannibal to ask anything. He couldn't ask about dinner because he'd zoned out when Hannibal said what it was, and if Will asked now, it would show he hadn't been listening.

Will felt his appetite go away, but forced the food down his throat for something to focus on.

And it was extremely delicious.

Hannibal took their plates back into the kitchen when they'd both finished and Will fiddled with his cloth napkin.

Who had cloth napkins?

He glanced up when Hannibal entered again, this time with short glasses of brown liquid.

Will gave a quiet sigh of relief, *whiskey*. That he could deal with.

"Thank you. Dinner was great, you're an excellent chef."

Was chef the right word? Was it cool? Was there a difference?

Will didn't let himself spiral, and took a sip of whiskey.

Hannibal led them to what was probably a living room. It was large and had several book shelves.

Will's own living room had his bed in it, so he wasn't the best judge of how one should look.

Hannibal sat on a black armchair and Will sat on the matching couch in the middle, not obnoxiously far away and not annoyingly close either.

Hannibal set his drink down on the side table and Will stared at it for a moment longer than most would.

"I realise this is uncomfortable, Will, but I feel we must talk."

Will swallowed and sat his glass down as well, but on the coffee table in front of him.

"Ok, what about?"

Will knew what it would be about and had to fight himself to sit still.

Hannibal sighed, "Will, you are harming yourself—"

“I am not.”

A bold faced lie.

Will swallowed thickly and looked down when Hannibal stared at him in warning.

“I don’t.” Will argues quietly.

“Will. I pride myself on my sense of smell, and I can most definitely smell blood on you. It was there when we met as well.”

Will kept his eyes down, “That doesn’t mean anything. I fish, maybe it’s fish blood.”

Fish blood!? Fucking fish blood!? Who the fuck said fish blood!?

Hannibal didn’t buy it, “Will. Are you going to make this difficult?”

Yes.

“You can’t prove anything.” Will said, more confident than he felt.

That was the wrong fucking thing to say.

End Notes

my tumblr is the-Link-dock, i post mainly hannibal/hannigram stuff as well as previews of story's and ideas of fics i may write if you wanda check that out

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!